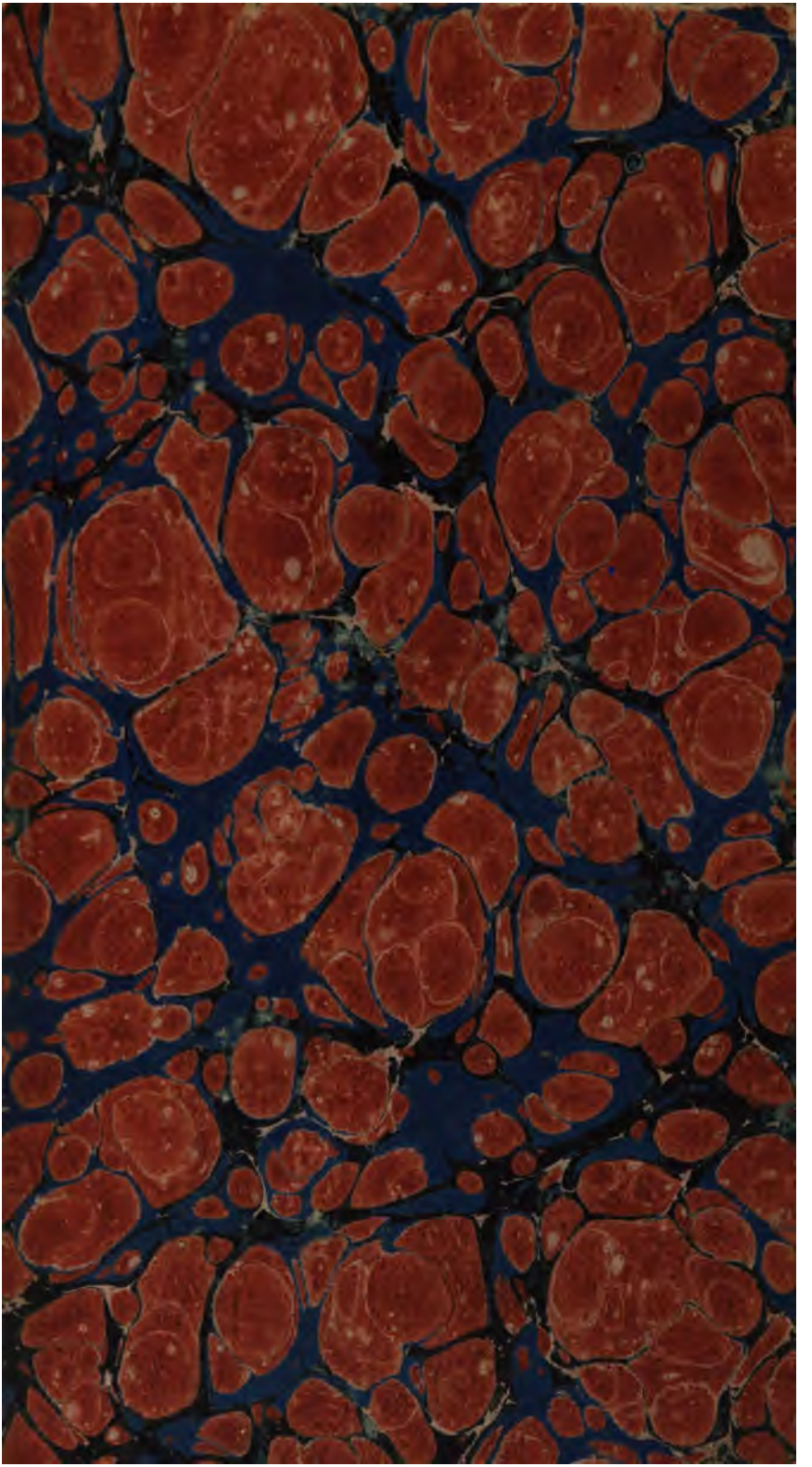

POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

GALLOWAY DIALECT

BY

WILLIAM M'DOWALL.

OH ! had I wings like yonder bird,
That soars above its downy nest,
I'd fly away, unseen, unheard,
Where I might be for aye at rest.

I'd fly—but not to scenes below,
Though ripe with every promis'd bliss,
For what's the world ? a garnish'd show—
A decorated wilderness.

I'd fly beneath yon golden throne,
Whose glorious circle gilds the sky,
Where sits Jehovah, who alone,
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.—ALPHA.

NEWTON-STEWART:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY J. M'NAIRN

1828.

the man who used to keep a shop in Newmilns and lived in the

TO

ALEXANDER PATERSON, ESQ.

BARR-HILL,

NEAR MANCHESTER;

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED BY THE

AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Poems is perfectly aware, that no production of poetry in the present age, but what is first-rate can be tolerated, and did he now present himself before the public, with a view to gain applause—raise himself in the estimation of men; or merit the favor of his best friends and benefactors, he would certainly fear and tremble.—He, however is happy to say that his motive for publishing is fully realized; and it is with heart-felt gratitude, that he now tenders his sincere and most cordial thanks to the NOBILITY, CLERGY, LADIES and GENTLEMEN who have honoured him with their names as subscribers; and his prayer for them is, that they may be saved by Jesus Christ, who is the true GOD, and eternal life.

CONTENTS.

GALLOWAY

Is a province in the south-west of Scotland, bounded on the north by Ayrshire, on the east by Dumfriesshire, on the south by the Solway Firth and Wigtown Bay, and on the west by St George's, or the Irish Channel.—Galloway is that part of Scotland, known to Geographers by the name of Wigtownshire and Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The river Cree divides the Shire from the Stewartry. How this district derived the name of Galloway is not known. * Although the Kings of Scotland exercised the right of Sovereignty over it; it had its own princes, and was governed by its own laws, until the middle of the thirteenth century. Its princes made several attempts to gain its independence, but never ulti-

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* In the days of Bede, this province was not known by the name of Galloway, it then formed part of the Bernician, or Northumbrian Kingdom, (Bede's Hist.) The term Gallwegia is applied to it in 1124. (Sir James Dalrymple's collections concerning Scottish History.) Some have supposed that this district received its name from Galdus King of Scots, who gained it from the Romans, and was killed in battle at Torhouse near Wigtown, where his Tomb still stands.

Symson in his description of Galloway is of this opinion, from Galdus, says he, it was first called Galdia, then Gallovidia, Gallvithia, and vulgarly Galloway.

mately succeeded. The Gallovidians were at one time a rude people, and were denominated the wild Scots of Galloway. They were expert in war, being trained up in that art from their childhood, and so procured to themselves from the Kings of Scotland, the distinction of forming the van in every engagement, at which they were present. Religion was early introduced into Galloway; it is conjectured as early as the third century.—History informs us, that the Chapel at the Isle of Whithorn, now ruinous, was the first Kirk that was built in the whole kingdom of Scotland for the service of Almighty God. It is however evident that religion was introduced into this part of Scotland, at the beginning of the fifth century, by *St. Ninian.* The hills and glens of Galloway were an asylum for many of our worthy reformers in the days of persecution; and the ashes of some of those, who were put to death by the enemy without judge or jury, lie in her sequestered valleys. In later times, Galloway became famed for lukewarmness in religion, and so it was said in other parts of Scotland, "Can any good thing come out of Galloway," It is probable this originated with dissenters; few of the Gallovidians dissent from the Established Church. There are only at present in Galloway thirteen dissenting Chapels, and four of these are in Stranraer. The oldest dissenters in Galloway, or even in Scotland, are that sect who

term themselves reformed Presbyterians. Scotland's sons had arrived to high attainments in reformation principles, at and before the revolution settlement, at which time this sect, (of which we now speak) protested against what they call, the errors of said revolution settlement, and dissented therefrom; so that they are not only the oldest dissenters in Galloway, but even in the whole Kingdom of Scotland. Their first pastor was a Gallovidian, the Rev. Mr M'Millan Balmaghie. The reasons and grounds of their dissent they give in their Act and Testimony. The next dissenters who appeared in Galloway, style themselves Presbyterians of the Associate Secession Church; they also declare their reasons of dissent in their Act and Testimony. A few years ago other two Denominations of Christians made their appearance in Galloway, the one call themselves *Relief*; the other *Independents*; but of each of these Sects there are very few in Galloway. They give no written declaration of the reasons of their dissent, they say, the Bible is their *Act* and *Testimony*. They however differ widely in principle; the Relief own and acknowledge the Divine right of the Presbyterian form of Church Government; while the other flatly deny such form of Church Government.

At present there are many Institutions in Galloway, for the purpose of propogating the Gospel both at home and abroad. The Inhabitants of Stranraer exert themselves most in this respect; here, there is a Bible soci-

ety, a female's Bible Society, a home Missionary Society, a foreign Missionary Society, a Society for the diffusion of the scriptures among the Jews, a Tract Society, a Sabbath evening School Society, an Auxiliary Society for diffusing the scriptures among the Native Irish in their own language, and an Auxiliary Hibernian Society. The following is a list of Sabbath evening Schools now established in Galloway. Bridge of Bladnoch one School. Garlieston one School, superintended by the Rev. Thomas Smith. Dalry three Schools. Creetown one School, superintended by the Rev. John Sibbald. Glenluce one School, under the superintendence of the Rev. Alex. M'Dowall. Gatehouse one School, superintended by the Rev. Samuel Jeffaries. Grange-Gordon one School, under the superintendence of Mr and Mrs John Gifford. Kirkcowan one School, superintended by the Rev. Doctor Stewart. Kirkcudbright one School, superintended by the Rev. Mr Hamilton. Kirkcolm two Schools. Knocknian one School, under the patronage of th Right Hon. Lady Agnew Leswalt one School superintended by Mr M'Ghie Parochial School Master. Lochnaw one School. Lochrouton one School, superintended by Messrs William Dinwoodie, and James Cowan. Mochrum four Schools, under the superintendence of the Rev, Alexander Young, Messrs Alexander Nish, John Wilson, and William Milligan Jun. Minnigaff two Schools, superintended by the Rev.

John Garlies Maitland. Newton-Stewart, one School. New Galloway, one School, under the superintendence of the Rev. James Maitland. Stonykirk, four Schools. Stranraer, six Schools, five of them patronized by Lt. Col. M'Dowall, C. B., and superintended by a Committee, and one superintended by the Rev. David Wilson, and the Rev. John Robinson. Sorbie one School. Portpatrick five Schools. Whithorn, one School. Isle of Whithorn, one School.

Many of the Gallovidians emigrate, especially to America, the East and West Indies. In England for nearly three hundred years past, they have kept in their own hands the business of hawking drapery goods; and some of them have made independent fortunes in this traffic; except a few individuals from the borders of Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire, few of the Scotch, English, or Irish have ever been known to embark in this trade in England but themselves.

The characteristic of the Gallovidians is hospitality. The Nobility are very condescending in their manners, and the Gentry extremely affable; in short the Gallovidians, high and low, rich and poor, are as hospitable, polite, and well informed; if not superior to the inhabitants of any district in Great Britain.

GALLOWAY MANNERS
In Rural Life.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.
GRAY.

UPON that wide extended plain,
Where stan's auld *Castle-Stewart*,*
There is between it an' Cree-Glen,
A house of Scottish art;
The poor inhabitants within,
Are true and leal of heart;
And to their brethren o' mankin',
They act the neebor's part.
The man who for them kindly speers,
An' how they spend their time,
Let him attentive lend his ears,
And hear't in rustic rhyme.

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* Castle Stewart, (near Glen-Cree, the residence of MR BLAIR, M. P.) is now in ruins. It was the residence of COL. WM. STEWART, of Castle Stewart, that valiant and fortunate Soldier in the German wars, under the command of Gustavus Adolphus King of Sweden."

THE SERVANT MAN.

This day I doubt it will be wet,
The mist's thick on *Cairnsmuir*,*
Just see how it has got its hat,
A' roun' near to *Palnure*; †
Ye'll see ere it is twol o'clock,
We'll ha'e a heavy show'r,
Then auld looped crooked *Minnock*, ‡
Its flood in *Cree* will pour.

An' frae *Blackwrack* owre dyke an' linn,
Cree'll sough, and rage and roar,

---

* It is a proverbial saying, where the scene of this poem is cast, that if the mountain Cairnsmuir has a cap of mist upon it in the morning, this is a certain token of rain before the evening.

† This brook takes its rise in the mountainous hills of Minnigaff, and after many windings in a beautiful sequestered valley on the north, and north west of the great mountain Cairnsmuir, it empties itself into the river Cree.

‡ Small rivulets that run among the hills of Carrick, in Ayrshire, empty themselves in the north extremity of that large extended valley on the west side of the rude, yet sublime ridge of mountainous hills in the parish of Minnigaff, and Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, from which the river Minnock has its source. This river is one of the most romantic and serpentine in the south of Scotland; it empties itself into the river Cree, at the Blackwrack, near the Larg, the ancient seat of the M'Kies, one of the families of Cumloden, founded by King Robert Bruce. This family is now extinct.

And sweep hay, corn, an' thick an' thin,
  A' down to *Machermore*; *
Or wi' a swirl within the Inks,
  They'll float on to the shore,
Then fare-ye-weel *Cree* braes an' banks,
  Ye'll ne'er possess them more.

But hark! the Salmon underneath,
  That in the ocean swim,
Will make *Lochmuan* † owre dam and dyke,
  Again' the rinnin' stream;
But hoolie fish, on your return,
  I fear ye'll get a scar,
Fishers wi' their ensnaring net,
  Will land you in the *Barr*. ‡

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* Machermore, so called, from being formerly the termination of the white or arable land in the centre of Galloway. Here is Mr Dunbar's Castle, pleasantly situated on the river Cree, about a quarter of a mile from Newton-Stewart.—Machermore is the north extremity of a very large plain, twenty miles in circumference; the river Cree runs through the centre of this plain, and empties itself into the Bay of Wigtown, at the south-east extremity of the plain: the part of the plain in Wigtownshire, is called the *Moss* of Cree, and that in Kirkcudbrightshire, the *Inks* of Cree.

† Lochmuan is the source of the Cree, one of the finest rivers in the south of Scotland.

‡ The Barr is a large Farm on Lord Galloway's estate, in the parish of Penninghame, and County of Wigtown, side of the river Cree. Here, there is a good Salmon fishery

Altho' I say't 'tis frae my heart,
  I wish we had the hay in,
May I now gang an' yoke the cart,
  An' at the wark be doin';
An' O send Nanny owre the hill,
  And stap *Tam* frae the mawin',
He may lay by his scythe a while,
  And at the strae be drawin'

Before 'tis dark gin we're expert,
  The stack we may get up yet,
In short gin we oursel's exert
  It may be thack'd and rapit;
Then our master will claw his lug,
  That it has got its cap,
An' frae the storm it will be snug,
  Beneath the thack and rape.

Descend ye bleak *December* rains,
  An' blaw *Loch-Ryan* wins',
Wi' hasty sweep alang the plains,
  Owre hazles, heath, an' whins;
Ye'll rain an' blaw an unco rate,
  Ere ye can spoil our hay,
For it has got its winter-coat,
  Though scarce twa months frae May,

THE SERVANT GIRL.

Really *Jock* you are a blether,
  Ye make a body laugh,

You skip about amang the heather,
  Just like auld *Slutie's* calf;
I'm mair concern'd about the kye,
  An' how I'll get them milked,
For Hawkie's calf yestreen broke by,
  An' has its mither pilked.

An' there's *Brawnie*, weary on her,
  Hear how she roars an' rowts,
An' makes hersel' a peevish wonner,
  By her caprice an' toytes;
An' ev'n the auld horn'd crooked Cow,
  Is as cross as twa sticks,
At her ain calf, the stupid gow,
  She prances, stens an' kicks.

But Jock you're wrang about the hay,
  Ye talk the height o' nonsense,
Can a' be done slapdash at ance,
  By dogmatic remonstrance;
Aye fact it'll tak three days an' mair,
  As hard as we can skelp,
Before the stack is fair an' square,
  Ev'n wi' *Tam Rodger's* help.

In short ye fill our *Master's* brain,
  Wi' foolish airy notions,
Ye make him trow 'twill blaw an' rain,
  An' rot his hay in portions;

Then he's like ane beside himsel',
An' puts a' in confusion,
But och! for us 'tis nought but toil,
An' work like desperation.

'Bout *bleak December* rains an' win's
You are a lorrie fool,
For winter ne'er comes till *war* * comes,
Each hole a standing pool;
An' snaw descends in fleecy flakes,
An' covers hill an' dale,
Or down the glen a sweep it takes,
An' floats upon the wiel.

THE BARD.

O Nature! thou hast charms to me,
Ev'n in this joyless state,
I muse on *Him* who nature made,
An' think upon my fate;
"God moves in a mysterious way,
"His wonders to perform,
"He plants his footsteps in the sea,
"An' rides upon the storm." †

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* War is derived from the Latin word *ver*, signifying spring, and so the Gallovidians call February, March and April, the three months of war.

† Cowper.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

Sure noble *Dukes* an' *Lords* are bless'd,
They hae'nt the sheep to tent,
In *Carriages, Landaus* an' sic like,
In pleasure's round they rant;
While I poor silly boy maun toil,
My *Ewes* an' *Lambs* to keep,
An my auld dog's nae worth a doit,
He winna wear the sheep.

These strong black-fac'd moorlan' pets,
How they raze the *beir-fay*,
They climb the dyke the growsome gets,
In spite o' a' I say;
An' the bainie six-teeth'd wethers,
They stray out far an' wide,
An' keep me rinnin' after them,
As hard as I can stride.

But tent ye sheep, just by an' bye,
I'll put you frae sic gates,
Wi' collie I will rin you down,
An' cut an' pare your cloots,
Or gin ye grieve an' vex me sair,
A harder fate'll you befal,
In furious wrath I'll shut you up,
Within the *wee muir faul.*'

Or 'boon the dyke I'll close you fast,
  Amang the *craggy knowes*,
Then wi' fair hunger ye'll become,
  As poor as suckled yowes;
An' gin thro' spite I keep you there,
  Be sure ye'll smoor i' snaw,
Then rav'nous hoodocks on yon thorn,
  Will owre your carcase craw.

But woo me sheep, an' tease me not,
  An' I'se to you be kin',
Frae dogs an foxes you I'll keep,
  As if you were my ain;
An' you to white-lan'-fiel's will ca',
  Where pastures richly grow,
An' where the bonny meand'ring streams,
  Down in abundance flow.

I wish the corn were safely in,
  An' a' the smearing done,
Then welcome here sweet Halloween,
  That night my fee is won;
An' dogs an' I frae sheep set free,
  Till smiling months o' spring,
I'se set me down right coziely,
  An' sing a shepherd's sang.

THE MASTER.

This year's faye—it will ruin me,
  As sure as *Lon'on Bank*,

My *avell's* struck wi' poverty,
  Like a sour boggy stank;
My *Horse* an *Kye* on their ain feet,
  Are nought but skin an' banes,
An' *sheep* an' *stots* that should be fat,
  Are livin' carrions.

In town I heard a sad report,
  Tho' mercer men may laugh,
Canning they say has pleas'd the King,
  An' got the *Corn Bill* aff;
An' gin the news be certain truth,
  We're ev'ry ane undone,
Our pompous *Lairds* will rack their rents,
  Tho' meal were half a crown.

When *Buonaparte* in splendour shone,
  'Twas then I made the money,
I wish he yet were on the throne,
  'Twould be good for many;
That year in pomp he march'd to *Moscow*,
  I gain'd twa hundred pun',
An' when frae *Elba* he slyly slid,
  I made a cannie sum.

But now alas! the tune is turn'd,
  An' down the hill we're scrievin',
Ay now an' than a poun' is gaun,
  In spite o'a' my savin';

To pay the rent the stock is ta'en,
I am fley'd for jailin',
An' soon 'twill be, the *interest*
Willna keep us livin'.

How vain our hopes; our strong desires,
I thought as sure's ony thing,
I'd ha'e made my *son* a minister,
An' kept him frae grieving,
But Oh! I fear 'tis past my pow'r,
To haud him at the classes,
Wi' this dear *groun*, I never can
Fulfil his pious wishes.

An' he's a youth o' noble parts,
He drinks in lear like water,
Regnum, regni, regno, regnum,
As hard at he can splatter;
At *bonus, bona* an' so on,
He's amazing clever,
An' runs alang *amo, amas,*
As fast's a cotton weaver.

THE SON,

OR YOUNG COLLEGIAN;

Rehearsing the particulars of a sermon which he had heard.

In yon wild sequester'd valley,
At the foot of *Loch Trout*,

The ashes of six *martyrs* * lie,
Near by a gurguling rill;
There Rev'rend R*** took the tent,
Aye like a cliver chiel,
On sacred things he did comment,
With fervour, love and zeal.

His plan the honest truth to speak,
I really lov'd it well,

---

* It is to be remembered, "says Symson in his description of Galloway, at a house called the Caldons in the parish of Minnigaff, that a remarkable scuffle happened between the mountaineers and Colonel Douglas, at which time Captain Orchar was killed: there was one particular worth the noticing, that, when two of these people were attacked, they got behind the stone-dyke, with their pieces cocked for their defence. Upon their coming up at them, marching very unconcernedly, one of their pieces went off, and killed Captain Orchar dead; the other piece designed against Douglas would not go off, nor fire for all the man could do, by which the Colonel, afterwards General Douglas, escaped the danger,

There were six of the mountaineers killed, and no more of the King's forces but one dragoon. One of these poor people escaped very wonderfully, of the name of Dinn or Dun: two of the dragoons pursued him so closely, that he saw no way for escape; but at last flying in towards the lake, the top of a little hill intercepted the soldier's view, he immediately did drop into the water all under the brow of the lake but the head, a heath bush covering his head, where he got breath; the pursuer cryed out, when he could not find him, that the Devil had taken him away. That morning, being the Sabbath morning, when Captain Orchar entered the Glen of Troul, and being irritated by the badness of the way, said, may the Devil make my ribs a broiling iron to my soul if I am not this day revenged on the whigs: and according to his wish he came upon these poor people as they were worshipping God—upon his holy day, with a surprising cruelty.

With dexterous skill he pointed,
  There's the good,—here's the ill—
Then our Father's patriot zeal,
  The *heroic martyr* band,
And ev'ry now and then in tears,
  Dear to me, O *Native land!*

And what he said of *Patmos' isle*,
  W ould take a sage to utter,
John saw in heav'n the *Martyrs'* souls.
  Beneath the golden altar;
And they were dress'd in robes of white,
  And shone in splendid honor,
And when in fervant pray'r engag'd,
  Address'd the *Mediator*.

A grant to prayer in part they got,
  When *Constantine* the *great*,
Thro' blood and carnage seiz'd the throne,
  And triumph'd o'er the state.
But ah! the answer's incomplete,
  As I, quoth he, can shew,
Behold! and see, that *great Babel*,
  Still standing there in view.

But hark! the time is near at hand,
  The answer shall be given,
Their vital *head* will it fulfil,
  As sure as they're in heaven;
Have patience holy souls, says Christ,
  I have a church below,

Like you, your brethren must be slain,
And come to glory too.

Now learn, the saints in heaven, know
What things on earth occur,
And that the tidings reach their ears,
In this we cannot err;
The *Lamb* who sat upon the throne,
Repli'd "rest and be still,
Until outrageous foes on earth,
Your *fellow servants* kill."

THE DAUGHTER.

Time is ever on the wing!
The hours how fast they fly,
Sin' I began to card an' spin,
A month an' mair is by;
Alake! an' a' that I ha'e done,
Is but twol hanks o' yarn,
At that auld crazy muckle wheel,
My bread I ne'er could earn.

O fool! how childish I have been,
And shall I e'er be wise?
Had I obey'd my parents kin'
When they gave me advice,
I now a *Lady* might have been,
And liv'd in splendid ease,
But here 'mang wool, I weary snool,
Like ony servan' lass.

O *imprudence* ! sad careless thing,
What ills thou brings on us,
Gin we but walk in thee ae step,
Contempt is pour'd upon us,
Our ev'ry lofty hair-brain'd scheme,
Is a' seen thro' an' thro',
Then disrepute, remorse, and shame,
For ever lay us low.

THE MISTRESS.

My *husband* dear an' *servants* a',
Ye are too worldly minded,
Were you to read God's holy law,
Ye wouldna be sae blinded;
Take it for certain truth good bairns,
I now am serious,
Did we own God in all our ways,
'Twould be better wi' us.

My *Father* tho' I say't mysel',
He was a pious man,
His deeds nae ane need fear to tell,
The praise o' a' he wan;
And sure I am, each eve an' morn,
He bow'd upon his knees,
And then he earnest pray'd his God,
To guide in righteous ways.

The *souls* that dwelt in his abode,
He gather'd round the fire,

And in sweet anthems to their God,
  They tun'd the vocal lyre;
Then falling prostrate on their knees,
  He pray'd heav'ns holy *Lord*,
Them to restrain from evil ways,
  That they might keep his word.

O then! from him this lesson learn,
  And ever bear't in min',
To own the Lord in all your ways,
  And sue for grace divine;
To live a pious life on earth,
  Is surely joy and peace?
And when our days draw near the close,
  The end's eternal bliss.

TO
A GALLOVIDIAN BARD.

HONOURED and respected *Jamie*,
My Gallovidian billie;
The Bard beside yon raging sea,
  Your fame's at stake;
Come bow to me and hark a wee,
  And I shall speak.

But dare illiterate *Willie*,
Attempt a frein's advice to gie,
A poesy gentleman like ye;
  And classical,
Wha better kens—tapsalteerie
  Outowre us all.

E'en tho' I'm an illit'rate wight,
In mire an' dirt clean out o' sight:
I'se prose or rhyme as right and tight,
As e'er I can;
And speak to you poetic might,
Ye're but a man.

Well Sir, ye're new come frae the hammer,
And deep ye'er learn'd in English grammar,
Tho' whyles ye make a leeward stammer,
And sad mistak;
But ye may men' your way and manner,
For a' this talk.

'Tis no for me to judge the heart;
Tho fact I doubt ye think you're smart,
And can wi' 'mazing skill an' art,
Compose thy rhyme;
But gin you saw just where thou art
Ye would think shame.

When you auld fork't *Parnasuss* speel,
Ye rhyme in a new modern style,
And queer made *verses* ye compile,
In stately rank;
No doubt, just now, ye think yoursel
Nae wee sheep shank.

For *Iambus*, not one ye make,
But instantly begin to speak

Ideas odd, far fetch'd frae Greek,
Or ancient Hebrew;
Ye roaring shout—till rhyme stour squack
Responding echo.

Then follows this loud rhyming sang,
Ae bombast admirable harrangue
O *words*, six or sev'n syllables lang
A rhetoric;
An' poor wee *words* are smoor'd amang
The metaphysic.

And Sir, the following's a swatch,
O' what you do in general teach;
That you the *hill* o' fame may reach
By rhet'ric lear;
Trochee, Nomenclatura—pouch
Sic precious gear.

Amphibrach, pharmocology,
Spondee, pusillanimity,
Anahæst, physiognomy,
See philomath—
Pyrrhie, dactyl, ontology
Periphrath.

Tribrach physiological,
Syllogism, philological,

Physical, philosophical,
Phrascology,
Theorim, theocratical,
Aerology.

Besides some uncommon queer anes,
Coin'd by word book-makers in *France*,
Ye scour an skelp alang by chance
When chas'd o'er hard
And in polemic remonstrance
Deep bewilder'd.

Ae topic 'boon the rest love ye.
'Tis *natural philosophy* ;
This hobby-horse a toss ye gie
In word and write ;
Tho' harassing thoughts it gies ye,
To *rhyme* it right.

A' kin's o' *herbs* ye can explain,
The *grass* and *flowers* that deck the plain,
The *grain* that dies and buds again,
And grows to corn,
The *willow-trees* that sprout amain,
An's upward borne.

The *bullocks* that roam the mountain,
The *grey-hound*, swift, and tall, and thin ;

The timid *hares*, that whid, and rin
At break o' day;
An' monster-*whales*, that plough the main
In quest o' prey.

The *feather'd tribes* that cut the air,
Ye cute can tell verse-making Sir,
We what instinct and skill they pair,
An' big their nest;
And when the winter-winds pinch sair,
They cozie rest.

When airy flights come i' your min',
Astronomy you spin it fine,
See, how your bright ideas shine,
In splendid blaze,
Now there, ye sail before the win',
On airy seas.

Yes in your aerial *balloon*,
Ye soar aloft 'mang *stars* an' *moon*,
And a' the *worl's* that roll aboon,
Yon glorious *sun*,
Their latitudes ye tell—anon,
Sir Isaac Newton.

Well done! ye're high in airy numbers,
Where will you light?—no in *Flanders*,

But right on wing'd *Pegasus'* shoulders,
Whip an' spur him up.
And ride thro' a' the *muse's* wonders,
At canter, gallop.

O whare ye sit in your *balloon*,
Cast out an' grapple for the groun,
May-be ye'll haud fast—then come down,
Out through the air,
Syne lea'e behin' your *stars* an' *moon*,
And earnest hear.

Why should *bards* 'gainst heaven conspire
To raise their fame in sinful ways?
And why neglect the *Sacred Lyre*,
To rhyme and sing ungodly lays?

" The sacred lyre has long been mute,
" Which once was heard in Judah's halls
" The sacred lyre has long been mute,
" Which echo'd from Jerus'lm's walls;

" Yes, many a harp has oft been strung,
" Since Israel's *royal minstral* died,
" And many a bard has sweetly sung,
" Since all was still on Jordon's side,

" But Oh! what bard would e'er aspire,
" To sing the songs which Zion knew?

"Or who could touch Isaiah's lyre,
"The songs of many a captive Jew.

"In other lands, and latter times,
"The lyre indeed has never slept,
"But Oh! it sung of human crimes,
"While thousands o'er those crimes have wept,

"And many a heart their notes have won,
"Which once rejoic'd at Judah's strains,
"And many a soul have been undone,
"Which roam'd on their elysian plains.

"Awake, oh! harp of Judah wake,
"Resume again thy wonted fire,
"Nor let one string be heard to break,
"Till heavenly lays attune the lyre.

"Those lays the wrapt apostle heard,
"When banish'd o'er the Egean sea,
"When heav'ns gates were all unbar'd,
"And echo'd forth her melody.

"Those lays angelic harps have known,
"Before the worlds were pois'd on high,
"They shall be heard when time is gone,
"Throughout a blest eternity."

THE DRUNKARD AND CHRISTIAN,

A DIALOGUE.

Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh: for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness will clothe a man with rags.

SOLOMON.

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them.—ISAIAH.

Ae winter night I musing sat,
Ben i' my rustic lowly cot;
Ideas came blazing up the way,
And whisper'd, sing in *Scotia's* lay:
A marshall'd train stood full in view,
I gazing mus'd—then fix'd on two;
The one he was a merry lad,
A hairum scairum roving blade,
Who freely sat wi' ony core,
That glori'd in a drunk'n splore,
His sirname was *Abron-Comus*,
A bloated chiel o' druk'n *Bacchus*.

The ither was a pious man,
As ye would fin' in a' the lan,
A pensive sober thinking chiel,
Who serious ponder'd in himsel;

His lovely name was *True Believer*,
In reasoning sound and cliver.

Well, there they stood, but naething said,
I sat, but never fash'd my head;
At length ae *lad* his silence break,
And thus outright began to speak.

ABRON-COMUS.

My head to day is gayan sair,
I'm scarcely able tae do gear,
Yestreen we had a merry night,
An' drank it out till it was light;
The barley broo gaed round about,
The bargain was to drink it out,
An' by an' bye we got happy,
An' crouse when owre the nappy,
Our minds were elated joyous,
Nor griefs nor sorrows ne'er annoy'd us.

To kill the time, we play'd at cards,
E'en till it came to angry words;
An' some began to swear and sink,
And others drown'd it in the drink.

BELIEVER.

Your head ye say is sair the day,
Ar'nt you astonish'd thus to say?
An' you elated sae joyous,
Owre a' your griefs victorious;

O Sir, short liv'd's the joys o' sin,
Pray, where's the joys you felt late syne?
When drinking wi' your bosom cronies,
An' kil ling time in Margret Monies,
Ah! they're gane an' gane for ever,
Strong drink is sure a sad deceiver:
Ale-houses are the devil's ground,
Where fiends an' debauchees are found.

Had any sober man but seen.
You deep carousing late yestreen;
He would hae said within himsel,
But can these beings hae a soul?
See, how they vilely, base themsels,
Beneath the brutes that browse the fiel's;
And hear, how they profane God's name,
And scarcely think they do a crime,
O sin! O sin! deceiving sin,
How thou hast sear'd the hearts o' men?

But Sir, tho' none observ'd the sight,
To mark an' bring your deeds to light,
Yet oh! the blessed God was nigh,
And *He* with his all-seeing eye,
Beheld the loud ludicrous farce,
That may some day your spirits pierce,
Thou art, just now, thyself bewail,
Right on the turn-pike road to hell.

Hear, hear! turn-pike roads or highways,
In England are a common phrase:
But turn-pike roads straight on to hell,
Is what I haena heard this while;
But words and phrases sometimes shine,
And let out secrets o' the min'.

There now, you stan' upon your legs,
Ye're *ane* o' these outsaying wags,
Wha hem an' hawk an' sigh an' groan,
An, cry a' fun an' dancing down,
And curse a' parties but your ain;
Yet bite your brither to the bane.

I hitherto hae really thought,
An' deed I think 'tis no for nought,
That o'er religious *folks* are cheats,
Just mere enthusiastic bites.

Last year nae farther gaen,—to LITTLE-[illegible] fair,
I sold a score o' braw black cattle;
The bargain made was cash in han',
When e'er the stots gaed aff the lan'.

The day appointed soon came on,
And so he took them aff the groun'—

He courteously invited me, – Lindsay
To come and see the bonny *Cree*,
An' spen' a night or twa wi' him,
An' get the cash I now did claim.

Niest day I wash'd and clean'd mysel,
An' sent my servan' to the hill,
To bring to me my grey mare meg,
Syne owre her back I coost my leg,
An' to the bonny Cree I rode,
To pass the night and get my gowd.

The sun was wearing near *Loch-Dee*,
Before I reach'd the bonny Cree;
But a' was right—I gat the house,
And LITTLE's wife was braw an' crouse:
We ca'd the crack till it was night,
An' then O Sir a bonny sight;
Ha'-table cour'd frae en' to en',
Wi' roast an' boil o' ev'ry kin';
The Landlord cut and carv'd the meat,
The Mistress press'd on me to eat;
I might hae thought poor simpleton,
There was a something to be done,
When sup was past, wi' serious look,
The Master said, reach me the book;
And gravely let's compose us a',
And serve the Lord in fear and awe—
Methinks now fact the money's sure,
As soon as e'er the worship's owre:
But no—a Bill at three months' date,
And please just put your name to it.

Now see, the sly and deep design,
To cheat and wheedle me an' mine;
That very week he gaed to wreck,
And a' in rotten pieces *brak*;
He wrote gin I'd wi' him compound,
I should hae eighteen pence a Pound;
Waes me! the news gaed to my heart,
As I should say just like a dart;
To be by his *religion* cheated,
An' by his *pray'r* clean hoodwinked;
But sure as I'm a livin' man,
I'se ne'er be sae humbug'd again,
I now protest frae this time forth,
Between this and far *Pentland firth*,
I'll never make a bargain more,
Wi' ony o' the *new-light core*.

BELIEVER.

Fy shame! ye're rude an' rough in speaking
Ane scarce can gie a sober hearing:—
But Sir, to you I must confess,
That what you've said is truth express,
Yes, men too oft to please themsels,
And strongly urg'd by Satan's wiles,
Assume the sanctimonious robe,
To mark them from the thoughtless mob,
But oh! their carnal motive's base,
To cloak and screen their roguish ways,

See the *Laird* o' vanity fame,
He turn'd professor to've a name,

And now he sits in yon fine pew,
His affected piety to shew,
But ah! on market days he's fou,
An' the sham is fair seen thro'.

See too, *professors* daily thus,
By which religion wounded is,
But tho' this is the mournfu' case,
The sin, the fault is all in man;
With him alone it first began;
Scoffers at religion*—I can tell,
Are on the turn-pike road to hell;
As low's latitude five degrees
From torment—*Tophet's* awful bleeze.

ABRON-COMUS.

There, there, ye fanatic bigot;
You preach flame and fire and faggot,
And horrible things about the deil,
To frighten us wi' the fear o' hell,
Ye paint it out a dismal region.
Black an' dark as ony dungeon,
Where men tormented are wi' fire,
And fiends in wrath 'gainst them conspire.

Then on the tither han', allege,
God is a strong vindictive judge,
Who bears inexorable wrath
At poor sinners, even in death.

* See the Spiritual Barometer, by R. W. C.

Och aye! wi' your discourse last yea,
Ye put *Tam Hope* in black despair,
He reads the Bible an' cracks his head,
An' wi religious thoughts he's mad.

Before religion craz'd his brain,
He was a bleth'ring droll queer man,
An' gaed a story owre a gill,
Wi' hearty funny free guid-will;
At operas he led the van,
At *heel-an'-fling* he shew'd the man,
An' danc'd a *countra-dance* wi' glee,
An' lov'd a weel done *beau-longue*,
But now he gloomy hangs his head,
In pond'ring thoughts about the dead,
An' prays ev'ry night an' morn,
I' barn behin' a mou o' corn,
I fear some day he'll do the trick,
Just wi' his razor cut his neck.

But I ken better my gude Sir,
Than thus to be put in despair;
I have an honest heart and warm,
And never did a body harm;
I therefore do mysel condole,
That God—he will be merciful;
"Yes, mercy sought, and mercy found,
"Between the stirrup and the ground."

BELIEVER.

O conceited, deluded Comus,
How execrable *sin* deceives us,

And are you in the firm belief,
You live an honest harmless life,
O Sir, in truth I'm truly sorry,
To hear and see your blinded folly,
I fear, I fear, ye're now past hope,
I'll be oblig'd to give you up,
Yet one request I have to make,
Before I wholly you forsake,
On Sabbath first at twelve o'clock,
Will ye go and hear *Doctor Loke*.

ABRON-COMUS.

Nay that's a request you need'nt ask,
The honest truth now to unmask,
I'se ne'er gang en-lang the new brig,
To hear a rigid *new-light wag*,
Our *Minister* guid wordy man,
Is worth a score i' *new-light clan*,
He's qualifi'd an' thorough bred,
To execute his weekly trade.

O man, he trots alang his thread,
As fast as *thoughts* come in his head,
The world he kens frae pole to pole,
An' ev'ry new discover'd *hole*,
Just on paper he draws a score,
And shews the *Earth's* divided in four;
Then its distance frae sea to sea,
He tells as fast as A. B. C.
An' talks until his throat does hurl,
About *sev'n wonders* o' the worl',

The *Solar System's* a topic,
On which he is gay, emphatic;
And *Astronomy*—what ye please,
Wi' red hot *Comets* in a bleeze:
The number o' the *planets* tells,
And how they move about themsels,
Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars,
Jupiter, Saturn amang the Stars,
Besides ae new ane far, far up,
That *Heschel* saw wi's telescope:
Then in immensity he soars,
Amang the catalogue o' stars,
That fills the boundless fields o' æther,
And sparkles strong in frosty weather;
In short a' kins o' *science* kens,
An' every subject fast he pens
Gi'e him ae quarter of an hour,
An' he'll discuss politic pow'r,
Wi' kindling fury in his eye,
And gesture han' uplifted high,
Great Britain inveigl'd wi' the *Pope*,
An' she maun fight an' haud him up,
That woeful *treatise* lately made,
Had very near been *Britain's* dead.

Whyles in parliament rash enacts,
O' new-modelling *bills* an' *acts*,
Our Sov'reign King sits on his throne,
To hear what ministers hae done,
An' gin a new constructed *bill*,
Runs counter to the royal will,
The parliament clerk wi' stern awe,
Reads out, "*Le roy s' avisera*"

An' on our lawfu' working days,
He takes his pleasure, rest, an' ease,
Except when young *Sir Will* comes out,
On a fox or hare-hunting rout,
Whene'er he hears hunts-man's echo,
Tallbot, tallbot, ho taliho,
He mounts his mare—away ye go.

BELIEVER.

Before I fairly gie you up,
This ae thing I will develope,
In holy scripture it is said,
Gin the blind by the blind be led,
They're sure enough to miss a fit,
And fall headlong into the pit

Dear me! an' ye'll no cross the brook,
To hear our Rev'rend Doctor Loke,
The ae best preacher e'er you heard,
Expound Jehovah's holy word,
How plain and clear he points it out,
"We're a' *lost, lost* without a doubt,"
Then strives to plan his every word,
To win our souls unto the Lord.

The new birth and renovation,
He's sure to preach in ev'ry sermon,
The hist'ry of our Saviour's birth,
His life and death upon the earth;

And how his life he freely gave,
Poor helpless sinners for to save.

His discourse he pithily applies,
And every scheme and art he tries,
Yea, most alarmingly he'll preach,
In order to awake the *wretch*,
And if there's ane aboon the rest,
You'd think him on the drunkard worst,
O! at the drunkard's very name,
His eagle-eyes they shine and flame,
And wi' a holy furious look,
And steeked fist upo' the book,
He tell'st as plain as words can make it,
That the drunkard to'msel may take it,
O careless and unthinking *men*,
Your dissipated lives bemoan,
What *racking thoughts* of awful dread,
Will sieze you on a dying bed?

God ev'ry day is in a rage,
With those who *drunken plots* engage,
He hath prepar'd and sharp'd his sword,
To slay the *unrepenting drunkard*,
His mischief on himsel' shall turn,
In devouring fire he shall burn,
The *wicked* into hell shall go,
And all who make the Lord their foe,

Now, quoth he, I am concerned,
Drunkards are not truly turned,
Who can abide the Almighty's ire?
Who can dwell in eternal fire?

ABRON-COMUS.

Have mercy Lord on me a sinner,
And pluck me from the burning fire,
Who can abide the Almighty's ire?
Who can dwell in eternal fire?
His wrath may burst upon my head,
And lay me low among the dead;
O I'm a notorious wretch,
And near the Lord dare not approach,
You said I's on the road to hell,
But now I see it clear mysel,
O! to be sav'd, what most I do?
The living God I've made a foe,
And from Jehovah deep revolted,
And now heav'ns gates 'gainst me are bolted,
Alas! I'll die in black despair,
No person for my soul will care,

BELIEVER.

Comus, I will not give you up,
I now perceive a ray of hope,
To be *concern'd* about our state,
Is the first step to heaven's gate,

In Jesus Christ the Lord believe,
And thou eternal life shalt have,
For sinners he shed filial tears,
And for the precious soul he cares.

ABRON-COMUS.

I may believe, or I may not,
But *forgiv'ness* I ne'er can get,
My heinous sins they reach to heav'n,
And are too big to be forgiv'n;
I fear 'tis true I shall be curs't,
The sin o' drinking's no the worst,
The barefac'd lies that I ha'e made,
My *drunken wickedness* to hide;
Are enough to sink me in hell,
And to condemn the world itsel'.

BELIEVER.

How long shall vain thoughts lodge in thee?
How long be blind, and will not see?
Against thyself thou reasons strong,
And yet in all thou reasons wrong;
Thy every sin can be forgiv'n'
E'en though they tow'ring reach to heav'n:
Christ's blood can wash from ev'ry sin,
And make the vilest sinner clean:
Thus saith the Lord to such as you,
Your sins tho' of the scarlet hue,
Can be made whiter than the snow;
Grace thro' Jesus to sinners flow,

Yes, Christ can pluck you from the fire,
And save you from the Almighty's ire,
He bled and died for guilty men,
His pow'r to save is past our ken;
And tho' enthron'd in glory high,
To save the poor He's ever nigh.

Hear! how sweetly sings the bard,
His song in many churches heard,
" Though now ascended up on high,
"Christ bends on earth a brother's eye,
" The Saviour and the friend of man,
" Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
And to the penitent sends relief,
From dismal fears and pineing grief.

Now Comus, I am keen for peace,
And therefore freely give advice,
Rejoice that ever thou wert born,
Repent, and to the Lord return,
Thy drunk'n companions clean forsake,
And shun them as ye'd shun a snake.

ABRON-COMUS.

I feel inclin'd them to forsake,
And ev'ry sinful drunken rake,
Yet gin their comp'ny I gie up,
They'll say that I am turn'd *Tam Hope*,

And that ere long I'll do the trick,
Just wi' my razor cut my neck.

BELIEVER.

To bid your *drunken friends* farewell,
An frae *drink* steady keep yoursel,
'Tis no so easy as you think,
I fear your lust is strong for drink,
And nothing less than grace divine,
Can subdue that heart-lust of thine;
But, if thou art born from above,
Thy heart inspir'd with heav'nly love,
To run with zeal the christian race,
Thyself deny, and bear the cross,
And unto glory onward press,
In spite of all the drunken race,
You know, our Saviour patient bore,
The tauntings of a scoffing core,
And they who truly follow him,
Must bear the cross—despise the shame.

ABRON-COMUS

I'm still concern'd about my state,
Ease in my mind I cannot get,
For sure I am, God has ordain'd
A certain number to be damn'd,
And if I'm decree'd t'endless death,
In vain in pray'r I spend my breath,

Let me repent or do's I will,
I'm cast at last in burning hell.

BELIEVER.

Comus, still thou reasons wrong,
How long such words dwell on thy tongue?
Point out to me the sacred place,
Where God has said "*Thou art not his*,"
Then reason thus—but not till then,
Now see, thy reas'ning all in vain:
But hark! I say, be more concern'd,
That thou this lesson ne'er has learn'd,
We all *new creatures* must become,
Ere heav'n can be our holy home;
Be't then thy chief concern on earth,
To undergo the second birth:
Couldst thou say in Jehovah's sight,
"I am from darkness brought to light,
"God all my sins forgiven hath,
"And free redeem'd my soul from death,
"He heard my cry and gave relief,
"And now I'm pass'd from death to life,
Then I would say, "O thou art blest,
"What comfort in thy pious breast,
"Now thy *election* is made sure,
"And thou art sav'd for evermore."

ABRON-COMUS.

'Tis all in vain thou speaks to me,
And that I soon can let thee see,

The hope of my salvation's lost,
I've sinn'd against the *Holy Ghost*,
And seal'd for ever is my doom,
In that eternal world to come.

BELIEVER.

What! hast thou *religious* been?
And now turn'd Infidel again,
These many years hast thou profess'd,
To love and praise and follow Christ?
But now, in *malice* and in *wrath*,
Rejecting him in ev'ry breath;
Then reason thus but not till then,
Now see thy reas'ning all in vain.

ABRON-COMUS.

I'm all in doubts, and all in fears,
Each thing in grief and gloom appears;
I am ungodly and unclean,
And buried deep in guilt and sin,
Jesus will never pardon me,
Until I pure and holier be.

BELIEVER.

O come to Christ just as thou art,
Thou ne'er can purify thy heart,

The more we keep from Christ and God,
We sink the more in sin's vile road,
And Christ can freely *pardon* thee,
Altho' as vile as vile can be.

See the word, that glorious light,
Which brings the *Lamb* of God in sight,
Behold he takes away man's sin,
And makes him holy pure and clean,
O come to him without delay;
That he may take thy sins away,
Then thou shalt pure and holy be,
"Throughout a blest eternity."

ABRON-COMUS.

Believer pray, O pray for me,
That I the heav'nly light may see,
Repent and turn from ev'ry vice,
And come to Christ for righteousness.

ABRON-COMUS.

'Tis my duty to pray for all,
And pray for you, I surely shall,
Come join with me in heart and tongue,
And let us sing a pious song.

Shew pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;

Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean,
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law—against thy grace,
Lord should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well,

Yet save a trembling sinner Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,

Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

DR. WATTS.

If e'er a *drunkard* read this tale,
Perhaps when boosing o'er his ale,
Before he drink and drain his glass,
Let him think on *Abron-Comus.*

The following verses were occasioned by the Rev. JAMES REID *unexpectedly resigning his Pastoral Charge at Newton-Stewart, on the 7th October,* 1827; *and his departure from thence to Glasgow.*

I

One ev'ning on the *Inks* of *Cree,*
I with an aged pilgrim met:—
Near my lone *bow'r* and fav'rite *tree,*
The hoary locks wav'd round his pate:
He seem'd oppress'd with care and woe,
His looks they much resembl'd mine,
Ah youth! quoth he, you little know,
The *sorrows* of a troubled min'.

II

Poor I! through many scenes have past,
Since my dear mother gave me birth,
But oh! the *trial's* come at last,
The greatest e'er I met on earth;
The Rev'rend sage, the pious Father
My plaintive tale, now to relate
Is *gone*, and left me here to wander,
In grief an lamentation great.

III

These many years, how kind to me!
And still his genuine love increas'd,
But oh! his usefulness on *Cree*
Is now, alas! for ever ceas'd—
And long on *Cree* he blew the trump,
And gave the alarm in Zion,
But ne'er assum'd the pulpit thump,
Or rag'd like a roaring lion.

IV.

The precious truths he weekly preach'd,
Oh! sure, forget I never shall;
How oft my dismal case he touch'd,
And sweetly sooth'd my sinking soul,
To warn the wretch he reason'd strong,
But still the truth was clearly shown,
The words of peace dwelt on his tongue,
And all was love without a frown,

V.

See there, that splendid large *domain*,*
Where oft alone he worship'd God,
And where his cause he did maintain,
Along life's rough and dreary road;
But oh! 'Tis now a wilderness,
All forsaken—and all forlorn—
The *fields*, the *trees*, attest the loss,
And all around them grieve and mourn.

VI.

That he should leave his little flock,
The thought ne'er harbour'd in my breast,
So sudden was the o'erwhelming shock,
I pensive mourn and cannot rest,
No doubt, his most afflicting case,
It strongly urg'd his hasty flight,
But oh! had he remain'd with us,
It would have been my soul's delight,

VII.

But youth, you may exclaim, O fool!
Thus sunk in melancholy grief,
But no—my thoughts are calm and cool,
To me he broke the bread of life.

* Mertonhall, the late residence of Edward Boyd Esq.

True, he was an out-labour'd wight,
His face bespoke him full of years,
And oh! affecting was the sight,
The hoary Sire immerg'd in tears.

VIII.

Yes, parting with his loving flock,
Was e'en a trial too severe,
His aged limbs beneath him shook,
And copious flow'd the burning tear;
The dear departing farewell *speech*,
O'ercame his gen'rous feeling heart,
His words came forth with glowing touch,
And pow'rful prob'd the wounded part.

IX.

"Belov'd," quoth he "I pray beware,*
"Lest ye should act a foolish part,
"And by the erring wicked's lore,
"From your own steady course depart:
"And now my dearest fellow men,
"I say in fine, farewell! Amen!
"May you consummate bliss attain,
"When e'er you leave this earthly scene."

* He preached from second Peter the third chapter and 17th verse, the last Sabbath he preached in Newton-Stewart.

X.

Well may they weep who knew his worth,
That worth how great to all on *Cree*,
I never view that biting north,
But, 'tis a source of woe to me;
Be kind to him thou *City* gay,
The splendid town on bonny *Clyde*,
For thither has he bent his way,
To shelter in thy loyal shade.

XI.

Thy cloud-cap'd roofs may he admire,
And long in thee a dwelling have,
And oh! when death o'ertakes my *Sire*,
This one request of thee I crave,
Where flow'rs wave by the gentle breeze,
Upon his ever lowly bed
A durable *monument* raise,
In mem'ry of the pious dead.

XII.

Poor I! through many scenes have past,
Since my dear mother gave me birth,
But oh! the trial's come at last,
The greatest e'er I met on earth;
The Rev'rend sage, the pious father,
My plaintive tale now to repeat,
Is *gone* and left me here to wander,
In grief and lamentation great.

The following Poem can be of little amusement, to any but those who are intimately acquainted with the persons who are represented as speaking their own sentiments—Had not these individuals stood high in the author's esteem, perhaps this poem would never have been penned.

"Behold, how good a thing it is,
"And how becoming well,
"Together such as brethren are,
"In unity to dwell."!

The first speaker is a worthy individual who uniformly expresses his ideas in simple rusticity. Certain youths unfortunately had made remarks upon his manner of speaking, and reported in the neighbourhood that he did not speak grammatically—This some how or other reached his ears, at which he was highly offended and proposed to resign his office.

Ant. Stewa
manual
[illegible]

The second speaker is a strenuous advocate for unanimity in religious sentiments, and strongly remonstrates against any of the members withdrawing from office.

The third speaker is a man of few words in any company; he however spoke to great purpose against an old man that visited the school one evening—His principal objection was, that the old man carried matters to an

extreme, and spoke most unguardedly against the Catholics.

The fourth speaker is a man of great sobriety, and well informed in religious matters. Yet strange to tell, he entertained the idea, that it was vain and ostentatious to take children to Church. In one of his lone wanderings along the margin of the adjacent brook, his eagle-eye descried by the clearness of the day, the wonders at the bottom; thousands of salmon-trout swimming in shoals from place to place in all their native grandeur—so captivated was he by the admirable sight, and 'so deeply it impressed his mind, that he could not restrain himself from making a commentary upon it among his brethren when met to discuss matters of a different nature.

The fifth speaker is rather an eccentric character—he zealously pleaded the propriety of both young and old going regularly to church.

The sixth speaker is a pious and well-meaning young man, who speaks his ideas in short broken sentences, intermixed with a host of adverbs. Mr Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress was this young man's favourite piece, he scarcely spoke on any religious subject, without quotations from it. He however entertained the foolish notion, that the prosperity of the school centred entirely in Mr M'D—

The seventh speaker opposed Mr M'D—almost in every thing he proposed, but it was always in good humour.

The eighth speaker in every case took Mr M'D—'s part

The ninth speaker was of the opinion that the school would prosper although Mr M'D—were in America.

The last speaker is Mr M'D.

THE C——

OF

A Galloway Sabbath School, met for the purpose of devising plans for the best interest of the school.

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. J. G. M——PRESIDENT.

O Scotland much I love thy tranquil dales,
But most on Sabbath eve, when low's the sun,
And from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME.

'Tis in this fav'rite place of Scotia's Isle,
Where rapid runs that bonny brook *Penkill*,
And where in grief, I've wander'd by mysel,
Nursing foreboding thoughts of coming ill.
There stands near to this brook a rustic cot,
In which *Professor Murray* * lowly sat,

* The late Dr. Alexander Murray Professor of Oriental Languages, in the university of Edinburgh. This astonishing, and almost self taught individual; and who stood unrivaled in Literary attainments, was born in the farm of Kitterick, and parish of Minnigaff.

Keen eagle-eyed, with penetrating looks,
Poring o'er his elementary books.
In this all-smoke-besmear'd romantic hole,
There now exists a Sabbath ev'ning school
Our nation's sacred pride, and simple mode
Of training youth to know and love their God.
One smiling summer's azure eve of late,
Its pious and beloved members met,
When slow began the following debate,
As each tutor in turn rose from his seat.

Mr B——— A. Stewart

Many trials Master *Chairman* in this life,
And many too originate in strife:
Why now, am I concern'd about this school?
While some in malice say I am a fool;
Long have I liv'd in this my native place,
And nothing e'er rejoic'd my heart like this,
To hear the rising generation, sing
Praises to *David's* LORD and *David's* KING.
But oh! in sorrow and in grief of heart,
I must from this dear sabbath school depart—
My uncouth rustic way of speaking here,
Offends and grates the harmonious ear;
And rather let me an old hermit live,
Than I should any of my brethren grieve.
But why so strict to learning's golden rule?
Here I, that ne'er was at a grammar school:
In my young days, at *home*, the whole amount
Of our lear, was to read, and write, and count.

Now really Sir, I dont at all pretend,
The new rules of grammar to understand,
Why then reflect so much on hoary hairs,
Ling'ring in the distance of many years,
Can you expect in me eloquence to preach?
Am I a bold *Demosthenes* in speech?
O my brethren! in tears I say adieu,
My warmest pray'r shall ever be for you.

Mr D——— Andr. Black Elder

Why my dear Sirs, I'm astonish'd now,
To hear a man like B * * * T * * * talk so—
Can any thing, I humbly ask you men?
Appear more explicitly clear and plain,
Than earnest appeals to the LORD of lords,
May be pleasing, tho' in old fashion'd words;
'Tis the heart God requires—a groan, a sigh,
Is before the mere feign'd hypocrite's cry—
I therefore protest against withdrawing,
And beg ye'll second what I've been saying.

Mr F——— J. Harvey Schoolmaster

With all my heart, I second Master D———k
And would beg leave to make this one remark,
Those who fond brethren are, should live in peace,
And strain their nerves to train the rising race,
But fact I'll say against *Alexander Brech*,
If he's to come, on you I'll turn my back,

He talk'd and better talk'd, and did us keep,
Till my scholars poor things were fast asleep,
He said that *Catholics* should a' be brunt
The destruction of *Protestants* they want,
Now what have we to do with *Catholic folk*,
That they do not harm us, it is nae joke.

J. McKean

Mr G———

There on that *brook's* merge I have musing stood,
And ey'd how constant ran its swelling flood;
Here, with pleasant astonish'd stare, I view'd
The trouts, while thro' its little pools they plough'd,
There, all arrested by the dazzling peep;
My mind was wrapt in contemplation deep,
I thought me on the works of God above,
And how these works of his in grandeur move:
Here, the pure stream glides on without delay;
And there, the fish by instinct sport and play;
Here, in streams the beauty of the LORD I see,
There, appears in living things the *DEITY*,
But in this precious holy word of his,
I see his greater works of wondrous grace,
But oh! it seems amazing strange to me,
We banish from our minds *eternity*.

But Sirs, to bring my story to an end
Dont you in your deep wisdom apprehend,
Tis an extraordinary odd thing,
To take the children to the Kirk in spring

For me, I warmly move against the measure,
And earnest beg ye'll pond,ring weigh't at leisure,

Mr N——— James Walker weaver

Do you think men, ye'll provoke me to swear?
Such expressions as these I cannot bear,
There's M'D——my own loving brother,
But if he cross me now, forsooth we'll differ.
Yea Sirs! and ye'll no take them to the *Kirk*,
O M'G———ye should be rung'd wi' a birk:
If ye'll no take them the cause is over,
And our prosperity is gone for-ever.
Ah lads! If ye forsake God's holy *house*?
Your luck and stuff upon the *earth* ye'll lose;
How lovely, and how sweet a thing it is,
To hear the prattling wee things sing God's praise;
How pleasing is thy *Kirk* O LORD of Hosts?
Content in her I'll wait at the door posts,
Yea, bless'd are they who live within God's house,
With joy they sing his praise and pay their vows.

Mr R——— John Kerran weaver

Even now there, 'tis almost vain to speak—
For instance, I can give no light ev'n in Greek;
There's Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*—just there,
How he was lock'd up by *Giant Despair*;
And ev'n there, as it were, what he suffer'd,
And how there, the Giant and wife—they differ'd
And there now, how tyrannical they were,
Till ev'n there Christian was near in despair;

Ae night in bed I thought and better thought,
Thro' what surprising trials he was brought,
Till ev'n there my feelings were so acute,
I fairly burst in tears, and sabb'd and grat:
Pilgrim's book I'm sure's the best that e'er was penn'd
Except the *Bible*,—its match ne'er was kenn'd;
If I ne'er am to hear a parson preach,
Gie me that useful book in my coat-pouch,
Just read each stage of Christian's rugged gate,
And I'm sure ye'll say his trials were great,
And think ye ev'n here in this sinful age,
That we'll no hae trials e'en stage by stage;
There's him, * for instance, who first began us,
Were he to stick—we might look behin' us.

J. Kilpatrick junr.

Mr P——

Now to be tam-plain, I dissent from R——n,
A man may get applause that's no deservin',
And I'm sure it is the case with M'D——l;
Give him his will— the institution he'll spoil,
There now, this year he embezzled the funds;
And bought religious prize-books without bounds;
Just count, from the *Village in an uproar*,
And you'll find their number aboon fourscore;
I ready grant, the books are useful all,
There's Mr *Baxter's* most alarming *call*;
And *Brown* on the *forgetfulness of God*,
Besides a number more are sterling good;

* Mr M'D.

But then the vexing evil—it lies here,
How will we get candles the ensuing year?
Oh Sirs! 'tis all in vain we set to wark,
And try to teach the children in the dark!
In short if Master M——dont defend us,
There's no saying where M'D——will land us.

Alex M'Dowall
Elder

Mr Q——

Hout tout, what nonsense? na a tweel no,
Were it not M'D——, what would we do?
O yes! I'm just as sure as any thing,
We might as well try to flee without a wing,
As e'er attempt to act, or do without him,
And ye'll scoff, and taunt, and talk light about him,
Ah Sirs! ye'll see the odds the day ye want him,
And sadly rue that ever ye did taunt him,
In fact, the day he gangs never to return,
With you I'm sure I'll never cross the burn.
What he has done (and he has done his duty,)
Is of incalculable utility.

John M'Ilwey
Shoemaker

Mr X——

Hear! hear! hyperbolically too far,
Rather hold him up a bug-bear or scar,
Than fright'n us with words as empty as air,
And prognosticate what will ne'er appear,
But why about M'D——this great ado?
Pray Sirs for what? now point and bring't in view,

See now, just an upstart new frae the dunghill,
Puff'd up with pride—but he'll get a downfall,
There's J——T———honest lad as durable as brass,
Who but himsel could teach the spelling class,
Now see, how he attends through wet and dry,
And pelting hail-storms that tempestuous fly,
The last great snow that lay upon the ground,
He sprawl'd deep lairing thro't like a grey-hound,
I therefore propose to make this motion.
Give thanks to T———for his exertion.

Mr Z——— The Author

I am afraid good Sirs we are at ease;
Too seldom and too lifeless on our knees,
Did we but feel in us the glowing fire,
That taught the *Bard* to tune the *Sacred Lyre*,
And sing sweet anthems of redeeming love,
Which now resound thro' all the courts above,
Sure we would in our inmost thoughts rejoice,
And cheerful join in heart, and hand, and voice,
To bring these young immortal babes to Christ,
That they in him may have eternal rest.

TO

A REVEREND FRIEND.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!

DR. WATTS

O deep discerning witty K———y,
Ae stern en'my to vice and folly,
In preaching extra good and holy
Few can come near ye,
In winning words and speaking gravely,
Wha can compeer ye.

When ye at first begin to preach,
Your lovely voice ye dont o'er-reach,
But calm and cool ye utter speech,
'Tween slow an' quick,
And as your *subject* ye approach
Ye're emphatic.

Wi' natural ease ye move on,
An' carefu' shun the hum an' croon,

And ev'ry awkward canting tone,
That mars the speech,
Wi thick and clu tt'ring heavy drone,
Ye never preach.

E'en tho' I whisper't in your ear,
O Sir! you have a modest air,
And your discourse ye balance fair,
Upon its border,
Your *emphasis* and *cadence*, are
A' in good order.

For me, with you I am in love,
All other preachers far above,
Tho' deed I think ye might improve,
In solemn warning,
But oh! my thoughtless heart ye move,
An touch the feeling.

Sure I am, ye're nae cunning *fox*,
But just another noble *Knox*,
Or nae disgrace to orthodox,
A true soul lover,
But haud you there—on paradox,
You are a shaver.

Wi' keenest sharp inspecting eye,
Through *brother-man*, ye peep an' pry,
At once his meaning ye descry,
An' what there's in him,

Yet unassailing pass him by,
Just where ye fin' him.

The other day I thought it true
My every secret sin ye knew;
There, at the root ye strike the blow,
A deadly crush,
Their ugly form ye bring in view,
Until I blush.

What then, your *axe* the sacred word,
A pow'rful sharp two edged sword,
That cuts the strongest sinfu' cord
In human hearts,
The *word* of that Almighty LORD,
Who life imparts.

O sin ! O sin ! thou cause of death,
The original spring o' skaith,
Thy baneful pestilential breath,
Corrupts the will
And whatsoe'er is not of faith,
Art thou in style.

Hadst thou ne'er seen the dawn o' morn,
Terrific *death* had ne'er been born ;
But thou art there, a galling thorn
Just in my flesh,

Their noble deeds I pensive e'e,
And mourn their doom.

Now Sir, this freedom, pray excuse,
And do not scold my simple muse;
Tis out of love she speaks, to rouse
You to your duty;
Then, hear the unexpected news
Seipsum nosce.

Yes, study well to know thysel;
A' the outs an' ins o' *Adam's* fall,
And *Sin* that does pollute the soul
Wi' dead defiles;
Guard yon *tyrannic King* o' hell,
And a' his wiles.

O see your indispensable need,
Of real substantial foreign aid,
Then earnest pray the *Churches' Head*
To give that aid,
That in your trade you may be good,
And faithfu' made.

Think, O think, on the awful sin,
To careless sport wi' things divine,
Then see how matters are within,
An' know thy heart,

The Lord illuminate your min'
An' grace impart.

Deep, deeply be concern'd in min',
About the precious souls of men,
Bound down by *Satan's* heavy chain,
To their confusion,
Swift as the lightning's glimpse he'll rin,
On their destruction.

Your text the first o' *Habakkuk*,
Syne preach in wee words to your flook,
The original root and stock,
O monster sin,
That does the Lord our God provoke,
An' ruins man.

Tell them learn'd friend in truth an' awe
They're *Adam's* sons baith ane an,a',
Who now are justly condemn'd in law,
An' criminal,
Expos'd to danger—apt to fa'
Plump into hell.

Then solemn warn of errors all,
Paint *Antinomian* black as hell;
Socinius a fiend by himsel,
Just a lying thief,
Pope an' *Arminius* free-will,
The very mischief.

Strive yet more to convince of sin,
Gie not an inch o' hope to stan' in,
Nae salvation by their ain *doin'*
Be sure to shew,
Sp'ritual death and condemnation,
Bring full in view.

Now, preach *Jesus* the sinner's hav'n,
His friend and surest hope for heav'n,
The only way to God—that's giv'n
To sinfu' men,
An' he who trusts in him, shall fin'
Peace in the en'.

Thysel keep pure frae blood o' men;
Preach Christ in every Sermon,
Christ crucifi'd and ris'n again,
Be all thy theme!
Alarm, persuade, invite, and then,
Life, life, proclaim.—

My AMIABLE FRIEND adieu,
The truth with all thy might pursue;
And may thy soul forever grow
In holy bloom,
And when thy race is run below,
Heav'n be thy home.

EPISTLE

TO

G. B———Esq. Manchester.

Newton-Stewart, 4th Nov. 1826.

DEAR GREGORY the *Wigtown* hill,
Stands full in view, ayont the *Mill,**
The steeple, and weather-beaten cock,
The gusty winter-win' does rock :
This very night November fourth,
The moon her silver light sends forth,
Your *native hills* are white wi' snaw,
The winds frae aff *Kerdôrkan* blaw,
And stormy stern, and keen's the night,
Wi' mony a twinkling star i' lift—
Poor sheep an' goats o' war-like-cast, ‡
On *Kittrick*-hills maun 'bide the blast,
While kye and ilk in-lying beast,
Are cozie in their cells at rest

* A thrashing Mill at the north end of the hill of Wigtown.

‡ The goats here are famed warriors, ever since they assisted King Robert Bruce, in routing the English at Moss Raplock.

Here am I, in hamely attire,
Snug an' canty by the fire,
Just now I think on uncouth rhyming,
My mind on Greg'ry is rinning,
How hae you been this year or two?
I never hear a word o' you—
A word o' you what's that I'm saying,
In fact I doubt, I now am lying,
I heard that you had got a wife,
A wife to you as dear's your life,
A wife I'm told that has some gear,
Sic news my lad I'm glad to hear,
I trust ye willna turn owre proud,
But wi' your siller do some good.

I wish you joy, my honest friend,
And happiness to your life's end,
Seek ye a blessing frae the *Lord*,
And never trust a golden hoard,—
For *gold* and *riches* I ha'e nane,
To keep me snug, or make me vain,
My only portion in this life,
Is a loving sweet forgieing *wife*,
This is a fact believe't ye may,
Altho' perhaps I darna say
That she has faults, an' failings nane,
For that would be a' boast in vain,
And empty boasting I detest,
'Tis but a bubble at the best.

O Gregory! the *world* wi' me,
Has ta'en an unco backward jee;

Ill designing R———s hae wrang'd me,
My C——s owre-hip hae whang'd me,
And Och ! I'm brought to poortith brink,
And in despair I'm like to sink,
This while I hae been tost and driv'n,
Till out o' *house* and *hail* I'm riv'n,
And *large* and *deep's* my cup of woes,
And how I'll do God only knows ?
Poortith trial is right severe,
When we in honesty maun steer.

Gie me nae *riches* O my God !
Lest I'd tread th' athiestic road ;
And stern *poverty* Lord remove,
Lest I should steal, or highway rove.

To lay aside all self concerns,
And muse on *Gall'way's* hills and cairns,
Well, there's the pen, an' here's the ink,
And I'm begun to muse an' think—
Gin I had wings to bear me up
Aboon her mountains' highest top,
There, I would view the landscape o'er,
Frae *Lochfield Lodge* * to 'Maiden shore.

O *Gall'way* when thy lakes I view,
Thy rural bow'rs o' greenish hue,
Thy meand'ring rivers, burns, an' glens,
Thy peaked hills, thy lowly plains,
Thy dreary shores, thy lanely howes,
Thy heather fells, thy mossy flowes,

* The residence of Henry M'Minn, Esq.

Thy pasture-fields o' glossy green,
Where timid maukins whid at e'en ;
In short when all thy scenes I view,
My feelings keen within me glow,
For thee my ain dear *native place*,
In which I spent my youthfu' days,
In which I drew my earliest breath,
In which I may remain 'till death,
May peace attend thy shores around,
And in thy borders e'er be found.

Ae far fam'd *terrestrial part*,
Is near and dear unto my heart,
I mean that far fam'd spot o' *earth*,
That gie our Dear *Redeemer birth* ;
If e'er I have it in my pow'r,
To *Palestine* I'll make a tour—
She had true *Poets* o' her ain ;
Who sang in a sweet inspir'd strain ;
Poetic *David* plaintive sang,
His sacred tunefu' notes alang,
" Ye mountains fat o' *Gilboa*,
May rain nor dew ne'er on you fa',
For there the man o' worth was slain,
O *Jonathan* my soul's in pain,
Thy love how pure without a stain,
O thou to me hast pleasant been "

But to the order of the day,
In *Caledonia's* simple lay,

Cease, ye auld *Church bells* frae singing,
And ye *Saint Mary's* frae ringing,
Your darling *town* is a' in terror;
See there, she's floating fu' o' error,
Frae *Hardy-green* to the *auld quay*,
She's now become a raging sea;
Ae woefu' *lad* in sentence brief,
Denies the law's a rule o' life—
Now *Gregory* attack the thief,
That to the truth o' God is deaf,
Tell him if e'er again he preach,
To change his former mode of speech,
Confess himsel an erring fool,
The *law* is the believer's rule.

Sir, I expect in a short time,
To speel an' climb the braes o' fame,
But something indescribable says,
"Na, never, never by your lays,
Commence immediately in prose,
Ere ye can face your critic foes"
No yet, I'll stop just where I am,
Before I bid fare well to rhyme,
What signifies the fame o' prose,
Unless ane strenuously oppose,
Strong an' stern delusive error,
That keeps *Manchester* a' in terror—
"Hoolie, hoolie, hoolie Willie,
Ye canna prose nor rhyme my billie,
Ye ne'er were at the *college classes*,
To learn the measure o' the verses,

And ye'll *Parnassus* strive to climb,
To gain a bleth'ring poet's name,
O fool! O fool! ye'll ne'er be wise,
Your head wi' nonsense ye will craze,
Gae muse upon your latter end,
And how your days ye ought to spend,
Think on *Jesus* and humble be,
While roaming on the banks o' Cree."

When I this letter had begun,
Thinks I, wi' *Greg'ry* I'll ha'e fun;
Thro' strong *complex-idea* notion,
I'll rhyme aff han' some strange effusion:
But no—with woe my mind's oppress'd,
Two darling boys cling to my breast,
Wi' engaging looks and fondest gaze,
They lisp their love upon my knees,
Sweet *babes*, their *hearts* are free from care
While here I pine in gloomy fear—
O dearest *boys* where shall ye cow'r,
To shun those storms which o'er you low'r?
Had I but reck'd a *parent's* part,
Sure ne'er such grief had wrung my heart,
Nor e'er those fast approaching storms,
Appear'd in such terriffic forms,
But all unskilful I have been,
To plumb and fathom *deep design*.

My dear Sir, when compar'd wi' me,
How happy and how blest are ye?

Wi' unrival'd sagacious wit,
Ye prudently lay down your feet,
And then how firm ye make each step,
That pop outowre ye may not cowp,
While I unthinking forward rush,
Till in a quag I lairing plash,
Then striving to regain the brink,
Poor fool ! I deep and deeper sink,
And now the folk's begun to laugh,
And say I am a silly coof,
O friend ! I'd take it kind nae doubt,
Gin ye'd come here an' pu' me out,
Meanwhile I'm yours baith true and leal,
As lang as I can sign M'Dowall.

TO

MISS W——

October, 1824.

Hail ! dear and much respected maid,
In Nature's fairest form array'd,
O stoop ! and hear my doleful tale,
For here, I inly weep and wail,
Poor M——W——my ain dear wife,
Wi' pain, is weary o' her life.
That thing they ca' rheumatic fever,
Is now, dear maid, right sair upon her,

That tender heart o' thine 'twad pierce,
To witness the pain, O fierce! fierce!
Her feeble frame's worn to a thread,
She's near the silent tomb I dread,
And should it prove to be the case,
May she obtain immortal bliss,
But oh! wi' her I'm wae to part,
It tears the vitals o' my heart,
Lord check and curb my feelings keen,
And aid me thro' the dreary scene.

By what 'tween you and her doth pass,
I deem ye're the best friend she has,
And since in sickness she has been,
I'm self-convinc'd o' this I ween,
For day and night in raving dreams,
She talks wi' B———y in her screams,
But what she says I'm laith to name,
Since she holds me sae much in blame—
Two lines from you my dearest friend,
Would ease poor M——'s troubled mind,
And for dear M——'s lovely sake,
O write, and pity on her take.

I'll say nae mair my maiden dear,
But look an' long frae you to hear—
The Lord bless you wi' grace divine,
For what you've done to me an' mine,

THE

FIRST SIX VERSES

OF THE

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH PSALM.

In Babel's land by *Babel's* streams,
Our sorrows did increase;
Yea, when our Zion we thought on,
From weeping could not cease!

On these river's banks, we sat down,
And mourn'd our captive state;
On willow-trees our harps we hung,
Our mourning was so great.

Those who did our dear Zion waste,
And had us captives brought,
They in deriding words, of us
A song of Zion sought.

Jehovah's song how shall we sing,
While here we doleful roam,
And grieve within this foreign land,
Far from our native home.

If thee O Zion I forget,
And dont remember still,
Let this right hand which I possess,
Forget her crafty skill.

Nay, if thee I forget, may this
Remain a lasting proof,

The very tongue with which I speak,
  Let cleave to my mouth's roof,

In thy dear church O Lord I'll boast,
  Her praise my tongue employ,
And her at all times will prefer,
  Above my chiefest joy,

PSALM 137.

With my whole heart I'll praise the Lord,
  The everlasting King,
Before angelic hosts to him,
  I'll hymns of praises sing,

And in his house I will record,
  The wonders he hath done,
His loving kindness I'll shew forth,
  And worship at his throne,

That precious holy word of his,
  Which is my soul's delight,
Above his works each one, he sets
  Superior in my sight.

When I in days of trouble cry'd,
  The Lord did answer me,
And strengthen'd all my inward man,
  And gave me liberty.

The lofty monarchs of the earth,
  Shall magnify the Lord,

When they, the precious truths shall learn,
Of his most holy word.

Yea, when they see his glory great,
They'll dread his holy ire,
And in those righteous ways of his,
They'll tune the Sacred Lyre.

Tho' high the Lord in glory reigns,
Yet he regards the poor,
But proud and lofty self-conceits,
Contempt on them he'll pour.

Tho' I in midst of troubles walk,
The Lord will comfort me,
And from my sly and cunning foes,
His hand shall set me free.

Thy mercy Lord endures for ay,
Thy servant ne'er forsake,
But that which chiefly me concerns,
Do thou it perfect make,

ON DEATH.

And all the days of Methuselah, were nine-hundred, sixty and nine years and he died———Gen. V 27.

O *Death ! O Death !* thou king o' terrors,
The Father o' dread alarms and horrors ;
The guilty soul thou racks and tortures
At thy approach ;
Yet ruthless steady forward ventures
Upon the wretch.

Thy *Work* so shocking to our nature
Thou execut est upon the creature,
Till marks are seen in ev'ry feature,
Death's in the cup ;
Then instant makes him a pale picture,
And lifeless heap.

E'er since the day *Satan* lied in ;
Or since the day, *Abel* died in
This weary *world*, thou'st been eyed in
On thy patrol,
And thou in *climes* all art descri'd in
Frae pole to pole.

To thy *commission* thou art faithful,
When and where'er thou gets the call,
By thee great *Kings* and *Empires* fall,
Low in the dust ;

Mortals must obey thy dead knell,
And yield the ghost.

Thou pay'st no regard to *sex* or *age*,
The *christian*, the *savage*, and the *sage*
Thou carries off life's busy stage,
Wi' overwhelming sweep,
Far from this world's tumult'ous rage,
They unmolested sleep.

When thro' the world thy steps we trace,
We see what thou'st done in ilk place,
What countless myriads of our race,
Thou hast laid low,
And lock'd them fast in thine embrace,
Inexorable foe.

How thou disturbs th' anxious *miser*,
And rifles him o' a' his siller,
Perhaps some drunken *man* or *miller*,
Gets a' the dust,
That cost him pains to haud thegither,
Bnt now where is't?

The bold *warrior* thou alarms,
When the *en'my's* trump sounds to arms,
Thy weapons lay him wi' the worms
In blood an' gore,
Ah! shocking is thy carnage-forms
The field outowre.

The *Mariner*, when winds blow high,
An's tempest rais'd 'tween deep an' sky;
Thee, he then begins clear to eye
And see thy form,
And ev'ry surge that pass him by,
Thou doest alarm.

The *criminal* condemn'd to die,
Thou haunts an' stan's terrific by,
The thought o' thee dread foe sae nigh,
Inevitable death,
Anon! thou cuts the vital tie,
O life an' breath.

The *debauchee* deep in debauch,
Is humbled at thy first approach,
And sends for the Parson to preach
And pray by him,
But thou death-like doest pass the wretch,
And gang by him.

Then he gets better an' stout is,
The pale-deathly fright forgot is,
Syne to's *Aquavitæ* an' pot is;
But thou'rt yonder,
And may come in one hour's notice,
Aye like thunder.

The timid *saint* thou makes afraid,
When he beholds the *sexton's* spade,

Upturn the bones and skulls o' dead,
At the grave's mouth;
Appalling sight—skull o' ag'd head,
And bones o' youth.

He who is very life itsel,
To thee an humble victim fell,
But he laid down his life himsel,
Even for his foes;
He spoil'd the pow'rs of *death* and *hell*,
And glorious rose.

Mysel wi' thee I've got a fright,
Thou huge and ghastly stood in sight,
And ev'ry ither weary night,
I stood in awe,
Expecting weel thou monster-wight,
Would on me ca'.

Yea ca' thou wilt, and be my fate,
And that perhaps nae distant date,
Pass thro' thy inexorable gate,
Ere long I must—
Aid me, O God! my death to meet,
Through faith in Christ.

O forgive my every sin,
Ron pollution wash me clean—

Lord destroy this body of sin,
And make me thine,
Thine, wholly and entirely thine,
By grace divine.

Then welcome *death*—God's will be done,
For thee, I'll look—I'll wait—come soon,
I'll thee victorious get aboon,
And soar on high—
And then let not a *Kirk-yard-stone*,
Tell where I lie.

AN INFANT'S

EPITAPH.

Ye tender feeling hearted parents,
Who weekly pass this bed of rest;
A pensive Parent's dearest Infant
Here lies—all mould'ring in the dust.

FINIS.

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